[H]OW THEY ALL GOT RICH.

[U]ncle Bob Tells About a Boy Who Worked Hard.

[S]heer Pluck and Diligence Brought Him to the Top.

[W]hat Staten Island Is Now, Thanks to Him.

Let me see, Little Man, we've talked about one boy who got rich by saving his pennies; another who stuck to a thing till he had done it and a third who talked himself into a fortune.

Well, now we will hear the story of a boy who, though born very poor, indeed, and with only half a chance in the world, got riches, honors, health and true happiness out of work.

Work? Why he loved it! And he loves others who work.

This boy was born at Churchville, near [To]ronto, in Canada, fifty-six years ago, and now he is such a round robin of a great man that he is claimed by both the United States and Canada.

His first money was earned in the field as a laborer at 50 cents a week.

All the book-learning he has he got at the public schools, and when he was sixteen years old he began his business life as a 'prentice in the *North American* printing office in Toronto.

After four years he was entitled to be called a "jour printer." He was a regular hard worker. He could set type like all-possessed, but there wasn't room to grow in that business, and when he'd got to the top of that ladder, he sought and got a job as a reporter on the Toronto *Globe* newspaper.

The editor was quick to see what a worker the new reporter was, and he set him to reporting business news in the commercial department of the paper.

Of course, the reporter has to study and learn all he can about the thing that he is reporting, and soon this young reporter had learned a great deal about business, and his reports became famous for the sound business sense—common sense—he put into them.

They attracted the attention of R. G. Dun & Co., who ran a big mercantile agency then, as they do now, and they found out that the reporter's name was Erastus Wiman. They asked Erastus Wiman to take charge of their Ontario branch office, although he was only twenty-six years old.

Hard work had done it, and hard work reduced the business of the Ontario branch to a perfect system. That made R. G. Dun & Co. send Erastus Wiman to take care of their Montreal branch, a much more important office, and finally, when he was only thirty-three years of age, he was asked to come to New York and accept a partnership in the great concern.

That was in 1867, and Erastus Wiman has lived on Staten Island all these twenty-three years and "grown up with the country." In fact, he has helped to make Staten Island grow in beauty, population, wealth and importance, and there is hardly an improvement on that beautiful island that Erastus has not projected and put through.

They have a rapid transit railroad there. Erastus did it. Fine ferryboats carry thousands of people to and from New York every day. Erastus is at the bottom of it.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has its eastern terminus on Staten Island, and its yards are filled with long trains of cars unloading into vessels at the wharves or receiving cargoes from other ships. Erastus, again!

By and by there will be bridges across the Kills from Jersey City to Staten Island, and the hilly lands will be dotted with beautiful houses filled with happy, healthy people who can look far out upon the ocean to the east, New York Bay and the cities to the north, Sandy Hook to the [sout]h and the blue hills of Jersey to the [wes]t, and people will say that all this is a [mo]nument to Erastus Wiman and his genius [for] work.

By and by, too, the Dominion of Canada will get married to Uncle Sam, and the Canadians will march proudly under the Stars and Stripes and help us elect our Presidents, and people will point at Erastus Wiman and say he was the chief of the match-makers who brought about the wedding, and perhaps the new United States, extending from Labrador to Texas, and from Alaska to the Florida Keys, will want to elect the Canadian boy to be President of the great continent of North America.

Who knows?

You see, Erastus never imagined himself into riches. He was no rainbow chaser. He didn't get the idea into his [hea]d that he could invent perpetual [mo]tion, nor distill sunbeams out of cucum[be]rs. He had no notion of making a mill[ion ou]t of a patent clothespin or anything [of th]e like that.

[H]e just worked! He used the intelli[ge]nce that nature had blessed him with, and when he saw a good thing he took hold of it and by dint of hard work made it a better thing.

He knew no short cut to fortune. He went by the beaten roads, only he knew which side of the road had the best track, and he stuck to it, avoiding ruts, but keeping straight ahead.

Says Erastus Wiman himself:

"It is, perhaps, most fortunate that it is not always within the power of young men to acquire fortunes by speculations, by combinations, by inventions, or by the application of the inventions of others. The legitimate trade, the honest plodding routine of life, is the true basis for all good fortune; and, what is better, is the true preparation for its enjoyment, and its retention, if ever it is achieved. It may not be within the power of many a young man to acquire a great fortune, but it is within the power of all to merit the application of the words of the philosopher: 'It is not in mortals to command success. We will do better—we will deserve it!'"

Wiman won success because he deserved it. He has always been on the side of progress. He is fond of home, and he works for better homes for the working-man.

He loves sports, and he gives liberally from his purse in the support of all kinds of healthful sports. For years he maintained the old Metropolitan Baseball Club.

He has a fine stable, for he loves horses. He has a fine home, for he loves his family. He is among the foremost whenever his native land or his adopted country celebrates a National festival.

In Canada he is honored and loved. At Toronto there are the Wiman Free Baths, which cost him $15,000. He is the progenitor of New York's Canadian Club, and has done his best to teach the people of New York the great Canadian game of lacrosse.

He was a hard fighter for the abolishment of imprisonment for debt, and on Staten Island he has built hundreds of houses for working people, renting them at $300 a year, and after a term of years giving the houses to the tenants or, if they die, to their wives or children.

Wiman is an American. He is too broad, too generous-hearted to be simply a Canadian or a Yankee. He is both in one. He gave $100 towards the statue of Horace Greeley, that is some day to stand in City Hall Park, and his name goes down on the subscription list for any public enterprise and for a handsome sum.

For years he has been telling Canadians and Americans at every chance that Canada ought to join the United States, and he has about convinced the people on both sides of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes.

Erastus Wiman first earned fifty cents a week as a digger in the ground. Now he gets $2,000 a week from the R. G. Dun Mercantile Agency, besides a large income from his railroad, telegraph and other businesses, and he got it all by work.

There is not another rich man in the metropolis who works as hard as Wiman. He begins at 6.30 in the morning looking over the business letters that have come in over night before he has his breakfast.

His shorthand writer calls at his beautiful Staten Island home before any of the rest of the family are out of bed, and Mr. Wiman tells him rapidly what to say to Smith, what to Brown, and what to each of the other men who have written asking questions, offering to buy, or offering to sell him something.

At 8 o'clock the shorthand clerk starts for New York, where he will write out all those letters, and Mr. Wiman sits down to breakfast with his family.

When he gets to town all he has to do is to sign his name to the letters. Then he is very busy till noon, and after that for an hour he sees people who have called on business at his office.

Of late Mr. Wiman has used a phonograph till the short-hand man arrives in the morning. He tells the phonograph what he wants written in his letters, and the stenographer carries it away with him to the office, where he turns a key and the phonograph repeats the words that Mr. Wiman has spoken into it.

That is because Mr. Wiman's clerks can't stand it to work as many hours as Mr. Wiman does himself.

In spite of all this hard work, there are but few gray hairs among the brown locks that adorn his massive head. He is of medium height, and though fifty-six years old, does not appear to be more than forty. He is broad-shouldered and statured. He has a kindly face and a genial eye that is the window to a generous soul. UNCLE BOB.

$15,000 FOR A JUDGESHIP.

Judge McAdam's Campaign Contribution Disclosed Under Oath.

One day remains in which candidates at the recent election must file statements of their campaign expenses, or be guilty of a violation of the Corrupt Practices section of the Penal Code, which means imprisonment at least, and to successful candidates a loss of the offices to which they were elected.

Knowledge of this fact has caused a stampede to the County Clerk's office to-day of the would-be office-holders.

Mayor Grant is among the latest to file his expense bill. He acknowledges that he expended to secure his election a grand total of $7,259.95.

Of this amount $1,044.20 was spent in advertising; $4,159.50 for printing and distributing; $1,085 for folding, distributing and mailing circulars, and rent of room, with the balance of the expense incurred in maintaining headquarters at the Union Square Hotel.

From this statement it would appear that Tammany Hall did not assess its candidate for Mayor, and that Mayor Grant contributed nothing to his organization's general election fund.

County Clerk-elect Leonard A. Giegerich swears that he spent $6,543.85. Of this amount $5,000 was contributed to the County Committee of Tammany Hall and $575.19 for advertising.

F. P. Spinola, Congressman-elect from the Tenth District, makes affidavit that his expenses aggregated $476.75. "Old Spin" accompanies his statement with vouchers and samples of printing.

Archibald Rutherford, Voorhis Democracy candidate for Alderman in the Nineteenth Assembly District, unsuccessfully disbursed $650.

W. G. Stahlnecker, who was re-elected for Congress from the Fourteenth District, swears that his election expenses were $1,593.

The expenses of Thomas C. Knox, County Democracy candidate for Alderman in the Ninth District, were $145.25. Abram in Mead, Alderman-elect from the same district, spent $238.

William G. Davis, Republican candidate for Alderman in the Twenty-fourth Ward, piled up an expense bill of $172.25, and acknowledges that $44.50 of this sum was expended in blowing off friends.

John Weiss, Republican candidate for Congress against Amos J. Cummings, asserts that his fun did not cost him a cent, and William F. King, Republican candidate for Alderman in the Tenth, makes the same claim.

William P. Daly, Republican candidate for Alderman in the Fourteenth District, expended $152.

Judge David McAdam, who was elected to the Supreme Court bench at the late election, spent $4,835.58 to secure the office, and acknowledges that beside this amount $10,000 was paid on his behalf to the Tammany Hall organization.

The election expenses of Comptroller Theodore W. Myers were $3,921.75, contributed to all the organizations which nominated him.

NEWS OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Realism that Drew Real Blood in "The Inspector" Last Night.

Serious Illness of Lily Post—Julia Marlowe's Typhoid Fever.

John E. Kellerd had a very trying experience late last night at the final rehearsal of "The Inspector" at the New Park Theatre. Mr. Kellerd has a rather melodramatic scene with Miss Lizzie Hudson Collier, who, it is said, has to knife him. Last night the knifing took place rather too realistically. The weapon, which, it seems, had not been properly dulled, penetrated Mr. Kellerd's hand to the bone, causing him the most excruciating pain.

A doctor was sent for, and it was found necessary to sew up the wound, five stitches being made. Mr. Kellerd's arm was placed in a sling and his hand bandaged carefully. Later in the evening he went into Palmer's Theatre looking very pale and tired out. "It was a most unfortunate affair," he said, "but it was more the fault of the property-man than it was of Miss Collier. Yes, it was realism with a vengeance. Yes, I hope I shall be able to appear at the opening performance of 'The Inspector,' and I presume that I shall."

* * *

The Fauntleroy-Burnett boom is not dead yet by any means. It has shown a willingness to die, but is invariably being tickled back to life. The latest is that little Ray Maskell is to do the baby-drama under the management of S. F. Wilson. Ray is a clever little thing (they most of them are, these theatrical babes and sucklings), and she is to present a new play by John Harrington, a breezy and sparkling writer, called "The Little Countess." Ray will have a dual role, with opportunities for the display of versatility.

The services of other Fauntleroys are still being utilized. Little Elsie Leslie is in Chicago with "The Prince and the Pauper" and Gertie Homan, Ollie Berkeley, Alice Pierce and little Cooper are said to be on the road. As far as New York is concerned, however, Fauntleroyism is probably dead. Booms live faster and die sooner in the metropolis than elsewhere, and the stage children have had a very excellent show here.

* * *

Manager W. H. Morton, of Herrmann's Theatre, received a despatch from Louisville yesterday saying that his wife, Miss Lily Post, is very seriously ill. She has been with the McCaull Opera Company this season, having been engaged for twelve weeks to fill the place of Miss Helen Bertram. Miss Post has resigned and her husband has telegraphed Mme. Cottrelly to send her home at once. It appears that the strain of one-night stands has been too much for Miss Post, as it is for a great number of women. Her health broke down.

* * *

The reading matter in the Lyceum Theatre programmes is devoted to Jerome-isms, and very capital some of them are, too. "Everything that happens to us is always the other person's fault" says one. Another is: "We want to think of women not—as their own sex would show them—as Loreleis luring us to destruction, but as good angels, beckoning us upward."

* * *

Nate Salsbury has come back from Europe, and is already on his way to his ranch in Montana. He is due in Strasburg, Germany, in six weeks. He did not have much time to devote to luminous stories of Buffalo Bill. But one can always imagine these stories.

* * *

Horace Townsend, the playwright and theatrical sketchist, is going to England, and will probably remain abroad for a year. And the indications are that we shall all know where he is.

* * *

Miss Helen Dauvray is occasionally to be seen at the theatres. She is at present "resting," and of course there is a great deal of talk as to what she is going to do. Everybody knows more about it than does Miss Dauvray herself. It is said that she has a very funny comedy, from the German source that inspired many of the situations in "All the Comforts of Home," and will take it out with her own company. It is also surmised that she will again appear as Kate Shipley in "One of Our Girls." Report says that Sydney Rosenfeld, who always has infinite faith in anything that emanates from the pen of Sydney Rosenfeld, will see that "The Whirlwind" goes out.

* * *

Miss Julia Marlowe's condition appears to be about the same. A friend said Saturday that the typhoid fever crisis was expected this week. Until then it is not possible to say much about the little actress.

* * *

Cries of theatrical distress still disfigure the Rialto's horizon. Yesterday it was said that Bobby Gaylor's "An Irish Arab" company had posted up the two weeks' notice; "A Perilous Voyage" has also, it is claimed, been abandoned, while the Agnes Herndon distress, or rather that of her unfortunate company, is a third tale of woe. September's hopes in many cases have developed into November despair.

Brooklyn Theatres.

Ada Gray is "East Lynning" at Proctors' Theatre, before audiences who find much to recommend in her performances.

The display of handsome costumes made by Cora Tanner, now presenting "One Error" at the Lee Avenue Academy, is attracting much attention from the ladies of the Eastern district.

Maggie Mitchell was seen at the Amphion last evening in "Ray," one of her latest successes. She will present "Lorle" this evening, in which she is provided with an excellent part.

Handsome Millie Page, the star of the Rentz-Santley organization at Hyde & Behman's new playhouse, is heard with excellent effect, in a budget of the latest songs of the day.

The serious illness of one of the principal members of Moore's Fulton Theatre stock company has resulted in the withdrawal of "Lost in London." The amusing skit, "Fun in a Boarding School," has been substituted.

The popularity of the clever mimic and vocalist, Johnnie Carroll, has induced Manager Gebhardt to extend his engagement still another week at Huber & Gebhardt's Casino. Minnie Schult heads a well-selected list of entertainers.

One of the most daring conceptions of stage mechanism that has ever been successfully carried out in this city, is the draw-bridge scene in "Money Mad," now at Col. Holmes's new Star Theatre.

A very inviting aspect and sense of home-like welcome pervades the scene in "The Maister of Woodbarrow," at the Park Theatre, which shows the interior of an old-time kitchen in Scotland. The effect is heightened by the actual cooking of a fish at the old-fashioned fireplace.

ROBBED OF FRAU UND GELT.

He Followed Both to America and Had the Despoiler Locked Up.

Justice Power, in the Tombs Court to-day, heard the sad story of John Wolf, of Mecklenberg, Germany. Wolf had caused the arrest of William Dorl, his fellow-townsman, on the charge of larceny.

It seems that Wolf had a pretty wife, Bertha, and that when she and Dore fell in love with each other and decided to elope to America, they took along some of Wolf's personal property.

Wolf intimated that he didn't care so very much about losing his frau, but he did care for his gelt, so he followed the pair to New York and here he had Dore arrested.

The prisoner was held for examination.

NEW YORKER WITH CONSCIENCE.

He Sends $50 to Comptroller Myers for Unknown Taxes.

Comptroller Theodore W. Myers to-day received the following short note inclosed in which was a $50 bill:

"Inclosed please find taxes on a very small estate. $50. A. B."

The Comptroller has received a similar contribution to the conscience fund from the same source every year he has been in office.

The note was mailed in the district of Post-Office Station [illegible].

273 DROWNED.

Further Details of the Disaster to the Serpent.

She Sank So Quickly None Could Reach the Deck.

The Admiral to Investigate Reports of Her Weakness.

[SPECIAL CABLE TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

LONDON, Nov. 13.—Fresh despatches from Coruna give a more detailed story of the foundering of the British torpedo cruiser Serpent in Monday night's storm.

The disaster occurred at 11 o'clock, and the night was terribly dark.

The doomed vessel struck with a shock that tore her keel off and stove a great hole in her bottom.

Then the waves washed her off into deep water, where she immediately foundered.

It appears that most of the officers and crew of the Serpent were below when she struck, and so quickly did the sinking follow the shock that none of them had time to reach the deck.

Nor were those who were already on deck able to launch a boat.

The escape of the three sailors who managed to reach the shore was simply miraculous, and their bruised and weak condition gave evidence of the terrible struggle they had been through.

They will come to England as soon as they are able to leave the hospital.

They will then be called to testify before the Admiralty as to the condition of the Serpent and whether there were grounds for the prevalent reports of her unseaworthiness, even before she was partially disabled by a previous storm.

The number of officers and men lost on the Serpent is still given at 273.

Many of those who perished leave families in England, and the distress over the awful disaster is widespread.

The Queen has sent out special assurances of her grief and sympathy.

HIS FATE IN THE BALANCE.

The Testimony in Waterman's Trial for Killing Doran All In.

Asa Waterman, the well-known manager of Williamsburg's Lyceum Theatre, who is on trial for the murder of Peter Doran, while in the company of the latter's wife, on the night April 18, last appeared a trifle more confident when brought into the Brooklyn Court of Sessions by Warden Brymer this morning.

His counsel, Lawyer Wernberg, has made strenuous efforts to prove that his client killed Doran in self-defense and produced a large number of witnesses late yesterday afternoon to show Waterman's peaceful, inoffensive character, among them Capt. Ennis and Detective Ihne, of the Sixth Police Precinct.

Mrs. Doran's mother, Mrs. Louisa Peterson, her grandmother, Mrs. Kenworthy and Mrs. Bach, a grand aunt, all swore that Doran had threatened to assault Waterman. The prisoner himself went on the stand and swore that when he killed Doran he was in fear of his own life. He corroborated Mrs. Doran's story of the shooting.

Mrs. Doran, the petite and pretty cause of the terrible affair, was not in court this morning, and a large crowd of interested spectators was very much disappointed at not seeing her.

Waterman was recalled by Attorney Wernberg this morning and told of his discovering powder in his left wrist on the Monday following the murder, and of a severe cold he had contracted in the police cell.

John J. Spies, the theatrical agent of 12 West Twenty-eighth street; Michael J. Morris, of Paterson, N. J., a merchant at Burling Slip, William A. Edwards, a merchant of 309 Third avenue; Louise Graff and her mother, Mrs. Josephine De Rosa, of 276 Driggs street, Brooklyn, at whose house Waterman lived, testified to Waterman's good character and peaceful, quiet, inoffensive disposition.

Dr. John G. Johnston, of 153 Joralemon street, Brooklyn, swore that on Oct. 27, he examined Waterman and found that the drum of his right ear had been ruptured and destroyed, and that the injury might easily have resulted from a blow on the head, such as Doran is said to have given Waterman.

Dr. Johnson said that Waterman was entirely deaf in his right ear from this injury.

Frank A. O'Reilly, of 155 Adams street, Brooklyn, who went to the Albany Penitentiary to look up Doran's record, swore that he found that Doran had been sent there once from Cohoes, but was not allowed to show that the dead man had been in the Penitentiary four or five times.

In rebuttal Mrs. Dora Wolf, wife of a Madison street, New York, pawnbroker, was called and swore that she sold Mrs. Doran a pistol last fall, but could not identify the fatal weapon shown her by District Attorney Ridgway, as the same.

Sergt. Wormall, of the Sixth Police Precinct, who was in charge at the desk the night of the murder, swore that Waterman gave his address as 272 South Fifth street, where Mrs. Doran lived, and produced the blotter with such entry, which was placed in evidence, despite objections and exceptions to all his testimony by Mr. Wernberg.

Mrs. Maggie Meany, Doran's sister, was recalled, and swore to her brother's good reputation. Jeremiah J. Curtain's testimony disputed that of a witness for the defense regarding Doran's whereabouts just previous to the murder.

On cross-examination, Curtain said that he was not incensed angry, nor the least bit sorry at his "pardner's" death, but he thought "it was a cruel deed."

This closed the evidence, and at 11.20 Mr. Wernberg began summing up for the defense.

A Little "Pavement Sore."

[From Puck.]

Policeman—What's the matter here? Can't you walk? Want me to call a cab?

Stranger—No, for heaven's sake, no! I've just been trying a couple of miles in one, over your New York pavements. I'll be all right in half an hour or so.

TO-DAY AT THE HORSE SHOW.

Passing Upon Thoroughbred Stallions, Cobs and Four-in-Hands.

Awards of the Judges in Each Class—Enforcing a New Rule.

Nipping air in Madison Square Garden this morning made the exercises preliminary to the opening competitive displays in the fourth day of the Horse Show a welcome diversion for both man and beast.

The first hour after 9 o'clock was monopolized by saddle horses and hunters, who were given stiff canters around the ellipse.

The trotters, roadsters and carriage horses made a lively cavalcade in the ring as they whizzed around in skeleton sulkies, natty brakes and gracefully curved victorias.

Sports between friendly though rival owners lent additional zest and activity to the scenes.

The trotters gave place to the stallions, which were put through their pace in true warming-up fashion, and then came the first judging event of the day, that of thoroughbred stallions for getting hunters. This was class 117 and numbered eight entries, representing not less than $40,000 as an investment in horseflesh.

The special competition for mounted park policemen last evening was a decided innovation in the programme, and one that compelled admiration from the immense assemblage. Three prizes were offered, $125, $75 and $50, of which $100 in the first prize was offered by W. Bayard Cutting. The horses were made to walk, trot and canter, and perform such other exercises as the judges required.

Eighteen policemen competed, with Roundsman W. Eagan in command. In a contest replete with interesting evolutions, Patrolman John J. Doolady, on the brown gelding Jingo won the first prize; Roundsman Eagan, on Mojor, second, and Patrolman John W. Wilson, on Dick, third. Patrolman Tom Howard, on Gordon, came in for a very highly commended certificate.

The Executive Committee announced to-day that compliance with a new rule made at this exhibition is to be hereafter strictly insisted upon. It is that during judging contests no person shall be allowed within the tan-bark enclosure except the judges of the class exhibiting and the Executive Committee.

This is to prevent the presence of owners of of competing horses in the ring, and to obviate the annoyance caused the judges by illtimed remarks on the different horses.

Beside the thoroughbred stallion class judged to-day other competitors to be passed upon were cobs under saddle (three classes), pony pairs in harness, brood mares with foal at foot, horses in harness, standard bred stallions, four-in-hands, thoroughbred green or qualified hunters and green heavy-weight hunters, mounted policemen, high step rs not under fifteen and a half hands, high jump for qualified hunters and high jump for amateur riders.

A well-defined rumor was in circulation this morning that the expense incurred by the management had mounted up to such a sum that the show would certainly result in financial loss.

Secretary Hyde would say nothing when questioned by an EVENING WORLD reporter; but a member of the Executive Committee declared that if the attendance to-day and to-morrow should equal that of yesterday the Association would come out even, and probably a little to the good.

A. J. Cassatt's Ben d'Or won the prize in the class of stallions for getting hunters.

For cobs under saddle, R. Penn Smith's imported Merrylegs was first, W. H. Tucker's Judy second, A. J. Cassatt's Patti third, Richard Mansfield's Polly fourth.

Hamilton McK. Twombly's pair of ponies, Buttercup and Daisy, took first prize; Bismarck and Beaconsfield, George B. Baker, owner, second; T. Underhill's Dinah and sister, third; Rancocas Stock Farm's Blazon and Blast, fourth.

This morning's papers stated, that Star of Nepal took second prize in the hackney class. Mr. Bloodgood returned the rosette, with compliments to the judges, saying that he could not accept their judgment.

Meg Merrilies, Highland Farm, won the first prize of $150 in class 17 for brood trotting mares with foal; Gold Day, Village Farm, second, $75; Rushlight, A. B. Darling, very highly commended, and Willets & Doncourt's Blitzen highly commended.

DANIEL S. APPLETON DEAD.

The Well-Known Publishing House Loses One of Its Members.

Daniel Sidney Appleton, the well-known member of the publishing house of D. Appleton & Co., died at his home, No. 3 University place, at 9 o'clock this morning.

Mr. Appleton was stricken with apoplexy at his home last Sunday. He had retired Saturday night in good spirits, apparently as well as usual. Sunday noon he had not arisen, and his daughter, becoming alarmed, went to his door and called him.

Mr. Appleton answered her feebly that he could not get up. Thoroughly alarmed, Miss Appleton dispatched servants for Dr. H. Holbrook Curtis, of 118 Madison avenue, and Dr. Nelson H. Henry, of 14 East Tenth street. Dr. Janeway was also called in consultation.

When the physicians arrived they at once saw that Mr. Appleton was suffering from a stroke of apoplexy. He laid for the most part in a comatose condition until this morning, when death came.

Daniel S. Appleton was the son of D. Appleton, head of the great Appleton publishing house.

He was born in Boston, April 9, 1824. After his graduation from Yale College he entered the firm of D. Appleton & Co., and has since taken an active interest in the business.

He was married in 1858 to Miss Marshall, a daughter of the chief owner of the Black Ball Packet line between New York and Liverpool, which was a prominent steamship company in its day. He leaves a wife and two children, a son and daughter, both grown.

Mr. Appleton was a member of the Century, University and Union clubs and of the New York Yacht Club. He was a director of the Continental Bank.

The funeral services will be held Saturday morning at the Church of the Annunciation.

Senator Bixby's Mother Dead.

The death of Mrs. Caroline M. Bixby, mother of ex-Judge Butler H. Bixby and ex-Senator Francis M. Bixby was announced this morning. She died yesterday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. David Wetmore, 119 Lexington avenue.

Malice Aforethought.

[From Judge.]

He—Everybody raves over her.

She—Yes; she'd make a splendid impression at a lunatic asylum.

An Object Lesson.

[From Puck.]

High-Priced Doctor—You are now convalescent and all you need is exercise. You should walk ten miles a day, sir; but your walking should have an object.

Patient—All right, doctor; I'll travel around trying to borrow enough to pay your bill.

M'KINLEY PRICES ARE UPON US.

A Galaxy of Gouldisms for the Laboring Classes.

[From Puck.]

Jay Gould—If the new tariff makes clothing cost more you'll have to get along with one suit instead of two.

If you can't afford to keep a horse you'll have to pull the plough yourself.

If you can't afford a fire you must keep warm by violent exercise.

If you can't afford to patronize a barber cut your own hair.

If you can't afford to keep your last pair of twins you'll be obliged to part with them.

If you can't afford to buy a turkey all alone club in with your next-door neighbor, each pay half, and then have a raffle to see which family shall eat it.

Misleading.

[From Judge.]

Freddy Fangle—Papa, couldn't the old patriarchs afford to buy their clothes?

Fangle—Certainly. Why?

Freddy Fangle—Because the Bible says, "They rent their garments."

Succi and Tanner Nowhere.

[From Puck.]

"Now, gents," said the museum lecturer, "step this way, and look at our greatest living curiosity, pronounced by eminent scientists to be the most remarkable example of human endurance now in existence."

An impressive silence reigned over all.

"This gentleman," continued the lecturer, turning to a quiet, well-dressed and self-possessed man sitting on the platform, "has succeeded in accomplishing the marvelous and superhuman feat of keeping alive for forty-one successive days on fifty-cent table d'hote dinners."

In for a Good Time.

[From Judge.]

Ethel (surprised)—Why, Carrie! What are you having the house decorated for?

Carrie—You see, ma and pa are away, and we intend to make the most of their absence. To-night we have a dance, to-morrow a card party, next night prayer-meeting—they'll be home then.

MISS CONWAY WAS DISCOURAGED.

SHE GREW THIN AND WEAK FROM A BAD CASE OF CATARRH.

LITTLE RAYS OF SUNSHINE.

Mirthful Anecdotes Found in Humor's Highway.

The New Brand.

[From Judge.]

"Is your husband a great smoker?"

"Yes; he's hardly ever without a cigar in his mouth."

"High-priced cigars, too, I presume?"

"Yes; nothing but McKinleys."

At the Wrong Door.

[From Puck.]

Wandering Willy—Couldn't you please let me have some cold vittles, ma'am?

Mrs. Hussey—Cold victuals! Do you think that this is a delicatessen store?

In Chicago.

[From Puck.]

Merchant (to prospective errand boy)—Do you live with your father?

Prospective Errand Boy—I live with me stepfather.

Merchant—Oh, your mother has been married twice!

Prospective Errand Boy—Yes, sir; twice, goin' on three times.

Samples, Mostly.

[From Puck.]

Singleton—It's a wonder to me that more women are not robbed, when they carry their purses so openly in their hands.

Doubleday—If you were married, and knew what they carry in those purses, you would not make such a remark.

A Wholesale Collector.

[From Puck.]

Seedy Party—Be you the lady, Ma'am, wot advertised for a lost dog?

Mrs. Blewski—Yes; but that isn't the one.

Seedy Party—Oh, that's all right, ma'am; he's only one o' my samples. Wot's the reward?

A Useful Art.

[From Puck.]

"The American Institute Fair has an educational value. The useful arts are shown there in detail."

"That's so. I had my boy there the other day, learning how to blow a blue-glass yacht."

Not Exactly Downward.

[From the American Grocer.]

Weeks—When Brown told the story yesterday it was three deer he shot, while to-day it is five. I tell you it won't go down!

Wentman (drily)—No, I should think not. The motto of that story appears to be "Excelsior."

A GIANT RATTLESNAKE.

Over Eleven Feet Long and Built in Proportion.

The largest rattlesnake ever seen in Georgia was killed Saturday in Lee County upon the plantation of Secretary of State Gen. Phil Cook, says the Atlanta *Constitution*.

By actual measurement it was a little over eleven feet long. It had nineteen rattles and a button.

The snake has been hunted for years, and traps innumerable have been devised for his capture. His den is an impenetrable section of the Kinchafoonee swamp.

The snake has swallowed young pigs, chickens, rabbits and other small animals, and was dreaded by the negroes like a ghost. It was difficult to induce them to travel the road at night.

Last Saturday the snake was found across the path near the pond by Mr. Phil Cook. Without disturbing it, Mr. Cook went off for help, returning with three or four negroes armed with hoes and clubs. Stealing up near the snake the negroes fell upon it and with the hoes and clubs finally killed it.

It was cut open and in its belly was found a full-grown buck rabbit. This probably accounts for the dormant and comparatively helpless condition of the snake and the ease with which he was despatched.

The snake was then thrown across the shoulders of one of the negroes and carried to the house. Though the negro was a stalwart, muscular man he staggered under the load.

AN OBLIGING EX-FIANCEE.

She Helps Her Former Lover to Select a Wedding Ring.

Some five years ago a very interesting young engaged couple—both she and he being well known in society at the time—selected a wedding ring in a fashionable jeweller's shop, says London *Woman*.

A month later a paragraph appeared in the *Morning Post* announcing that the marriage would not take place, and the same week the young man brought back the ring and exchanged it for a pearl scarf pin.

The day before this story was told me, and several years after the above incident took place, the same young man appeared in the same shop and asked to see some wedding rings.

While he was choosing one, who should walk in but the lady with and for whom he had selected the first ring.

She is now married, has three children, and came to purchase a scarf pin for her husband. She and her first love greeted one another apparently for the first time since her marriage and she helped him to choose the second wedding ring.